

BABES AT AGAIN SILENT AND YAKKING FOR SENATORS BY 5 TO 3

LOOKS LIKE A WINNER
OPPORTUNITY RAPS
OFTEN, NOT SO RUTH

Meusel, Co-Exile With Swatter
de Luxe, Finally Bangs
Out Home Run.

WALTER JOHNSON IN BOX

Far Famed Pitcher Retains
Considerable Speed and Feeds
It in Proper Doses.

By W. O. McGEHEE.

Opportunity knocked twice with loud raps at Babe Ruth's door at the Polo Grounds and broke both hands. Opportunity found nobody home but a young gentleman with a wide waist line. Twice the bases were filled with Yanks and the customers were filled with great expectations when the Babe came to bat and twice nothing happened. The show with this double anti-climax ended with the Senators winning the ball game by 5 to 3.

It could not have been because Walter Johnson was pitching that the Babe did not hit anything, for the name of Walter Johnson meant nothing at all to Ruth in the days when he was bouncing the pill against the horizon. He wasn't hitting yesterday. That was all. Maybe his circumference has something to do with it because all of the pitchers are dealing them to the Babe about knee high and the Babe is so portly that he cannot stoop.

Five times the stout young gentleman came to bat without getting as much as a single. As the ninth started he walked out to the left field garden as dejected as though he intended to eat worms. He seems to be faced with the discomfort of dieting or something equally rigorous to reduce his equator. Just at present it would take quite as much time to circumnavigate Ruth as it would to circumnavigate Wilbert Robinson, and anybody knows that this would be a job for Magellan.

Buy in Left Field.

While Ruth did nothing at all in the socking line he was quite busy in left field. His brother exile, Bob Meusel, however, came to life and drove a home run into the left field bleachers. But the crucial home run of the day was executed by Senator Sam Rice, who won the game with one of these things plastered into the third, fourth, fifth and sixth. It begins to look as though almost anybody can hit a home run but the Babe. Nobody loves a fat man.

The first assist made on Mr. Johnson was by Bob Meusel, co-exile with Babe Ruth but evidently not made quite so stout as the Babe by the corn husks which are fed to baseball prodigals. Meusel drove one of these left field bleachers for a home run, which ought to entitle Robert to a slice of the fatted veal which Babe Ruth has been given since a second helping.

Walter Johnson interested the customers quite as much as of yore. Despite rumors to the contrary this interesting old gentleman retains considerable speed, though in his second decade of life he used to be. He saves it till he needs it, and then the boys are aware that the ball has passed directly over the plate when they are reminded by the slap of it against the catcher's mitt. There is no difference in the Johnson fast ball. It doesn't come so often, that's all.

Our Mr. Samuel Pond Jones began to be unworkable in the fifth inning with one out. Peckinpaugh, third base, threw a bunt, laid down a bunt and scooted to the sack ahead of it. Walter Johnson drove a clean single to center, sending Peckinpaugh into the lead. Then a fly to Meusel, who threw toward the plate and might have nailed Peck, but Jones intercepted that ball. Peckinpaugh scored.

Jones Uncorks Wild Pitch.

At this Jones was so annoyed that he uncorked a wild pitch, which put Johnson on second. Judge singled to right and Johnson scored. This made three runs for the Yankees. The left field bleachers for a home run, which ought to entitle Robert to a slice of the fatted veal which Babe Ruth has been given since a second helping.

In the seventh inning Harris reached first while Scott was juggling a feeble poke. It was in the eighth that the ball was hit. It was a healthy man, Scott, who hit the ball. The ball went into the right field stands, forcing two runs for the Senators. In the eighth Shanks cracked a triple to center. It was a healthy man, Scott, who hit the ball. The ball went into the right field stands, forcing two runs for the Senators.

The first golden opportunity came to Babe Ruth in the seventh inning and knocked with much vehemence. Scott and Schang singled in turn. Jones laid a base on balls. Then Aaron Ward drove a single to right, and Schang scored.

In the ninth opportunity knocked in an agitated fashion. Scott drove a two bagger to left and Schang got a base on balls. Then Aaron Ward drove a single to right, and Schang scored.

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DOUGLAS BOBS UP
AND SAVES GIANTS

Phil Makes Good Against Reds
After Pals Lose Five
Straight Games.



Christopher Mathewson at Saratoga.

Five Leading Hitters
in Each Major League

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

G. A. B. H. P. C.

Slater, St. Louis, 33 144 65 430

Miller, Philadelphia, 33 127 51 402

Spencer, Cleveland, 34 131 55 397

O'Neill, Brooklyn, 35 91 35 393

Cobb, Detroit, 36 98 38 388

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

G. A. B. H. P. C.

Topper, St. Louis, 33 144 65 430

Goedert, Boston, 33 127 51 402

Spencer, Cleveland, 34 131 55 397

O'Neill, Brooklyn, 35 91 35 393

Cobb, Detroit, 36 98 38 388

Young man? Nobody loves a fat man.

Washington (A.), New York (A.)

Harris, 25 410 5 30 White, 40 100 0 0

Rice, 31 3 3 0 0 Ward, 20 1 0 0 0

Johnson, 40 1 0 0 0 Ruth, 40 1 0 0 0

Goedert, 30 1 0 0 0 Schang, 40 1 0 0 0

Spencer, 30 1 0 0 0 Jones, 40 1 0 0 0

Slater, 30 1 0 0 0 Meusel, 40 1 0 0 0

Miller, 30 1 0 0 0 Johnson, 40 1 0 0 0

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Miller, 30 1 0 0 0 Johnson, 40 1 0 0 0

THE LISTENING POST
BY WALTER TRUMBULL

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SOME DAY.

Some day we shall find the time
Just to laugh and play,
Heedless of the hours which chime;
Some day.

Some day we shall grow the heart
To put fear away,
Act a little braver part;
Some day.

Some day we shall see the gleams
From the turrets gay,
Find the castles of our dreams;
Some day.

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING.

Just after the Greb-Tunney meeting one follower of boxing said to us that he didn't think the Pittsburgh Bearcat would last four rounds with Carpenter. Another fight fan told us a moment later that he didn't believe any fighter could reach Greb with a right hand and that he thought Harry would make Georges look foolish. That difference of opinion is just what would make a meeting between the two so interesting.

Greb is a great boxer. If he had a punch he could take any of them—and we are not excluding Dempsey. People don't always give Harry the credit due him. Before Gibbons fought Greb they said he was a wonder. Afterward they said he was a boob. Tunney was hailed as a clever, hard hitting fighter. Now they say he was overrated. That's the point. Greb is a man who can make good battles look-imp. Gibbons is a good fighter and so is Tunney—but not against Greb.

We don't think that Greb is the best man of his weight we ever saw. We believe that Fitz might have beaten him in a few rounds or that Ketchell might have stopped him. But he's faster than a wildcat and he's good—don't make any mistake about that. If he fights the Frenchman the bout should draw customers in great quantities.

No matter whether he wins, or comes
From the battle bruised and lame,
We'll sound a cheer which is loud and clear
For the guy who proves he's game.

His face a red mask of tragedy, his championship slipping from his sweating grasp and with the knowledge that he was up against a foe man too good for him ringing in his brain, Gene Tunney still gave the best he had. He was bewildered and outclassed, but he never stopped trying. He is a good soldier.

Tunney appears to be one of those boxers who cuts easily. He is thin skinned. For present purposes it is too bad he didn't spend the war in the navy instead of the army. Salt air and salt water might go a long way toward toughening his epidermis. It's too bad he can't borrow a little hide from Moe Herscovitch.

There is the tough baby for you. Piet Hobin, the other evening, hit Mike Cohn's favorite fighter with everything except the reporters' typewriters, and so far as cutting him up was concerned just as well have been pounding away at a rhinoceros. Moe was also in the war, and we'll bet that instead of beating it for a bombproof his comrades merely hid themselves behind him and watched the shells bounce off his chin.

Kid McPartland and Patsy Haley are two capable referees. It always is a satisfaction to see a third man in a ring who knows his job. There are too many of the other kind.

From present indications the St. Louis Browns are going to give the Yankees plenty over which to worry before the season ends. The Westerners have a powerful team.

Jack Dempsey went to England and came back with a monacle. Somebody from Yale went to England and came back with a rowing system. In both cases the imported article would appear to be ornamental rather than useful. We have seen the Blue win a good many races without anyone in the boat collaging. Now they not only collapse but they lose.

It looks as if a match between Jack Sharkey and Charlie Beecher might be a good drawing card. Most of the boys appear to be dodging Beecher, but Sharkey might take him on.

Man is a hopeful animal. In spite of past experience he always thinks that each new day may bring him his heart's desire.

Frank Beats Zellars
in Pitching Duel, 3-2

Close Decision at Plate Is
Against Sketers.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Baltimore, 3; Jersey City, 2.

Rochester, 3; Buffalo, 1.

Toronto, 5; Syracuse, 4 (first game, eleven innings).

Toronto, 6; Syracuse, 2 (second game).

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Baltimore 24 11 60 Syracuse 15 19 44

Rochester 21 14 60 Buffalo 16 21 42

Toronto 17 18 48 Newark 12 23 34

NEWARK SCHEDULED FOR TO-DAY.

Newark at Reading.

Jersey City at Baltimore.

Syracuse at Toronto.

Rochester at Buffalo.

BALTIMORE, May 24.—A closely fought game was won by Baltimore from Jersey City today, 3 to 2. Frank and Zellars fought a pitching duel, with honors about even, a close decision at the plate in the ninth inning against the Sketers preventing a tie score. Boley, with two singles, a double and a triple, had a perfect day at bat.

The score:

BALTIMORE (1) JERSEY CITY (1)

Maised, 2b 5 0 2 Jacoby, lf 4 0 2 0 0

Lawry, 3b 3 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Jacoby, 3b 3 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Boley, 3b 4 2 4 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

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